



# Through the Mist



5 2 3

## Chapter 1 by Anthony Sewell

As I stand here, still and suddenly aware of how alone I am, a dark figure moves in the distance through the mist. A distance not distant enough. I ventured here to be closer to nature and it appears my wish may be materializing in front of me and all I want to do is return to my apartment on Baker street. Gazing over the steel phalluses grasping at heaven, clawing at the unknown. Ironical how I swapped the smog for the mist, the known dangers of the city at night for the romanticized perils of the wilds of nature.

Only moments ago I felt I had the power to move the world around me, now I feel.... human. Inherently weak, my evolutionary trump card freezing with terror when I need it most.

## Chapter 2 by Anthony Sewell



The shape moved boldly among the dry branches autumn had left in its wake. Am I to become a dry leaf blustering in this cold wind by the fall of night? Am I to see the sun rise again?

A sound behind me, I turn quickly momentarily disorienting myself. The mist too dense to determine what lurks out there but its clear enough for me to see I'm surrounded.

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